

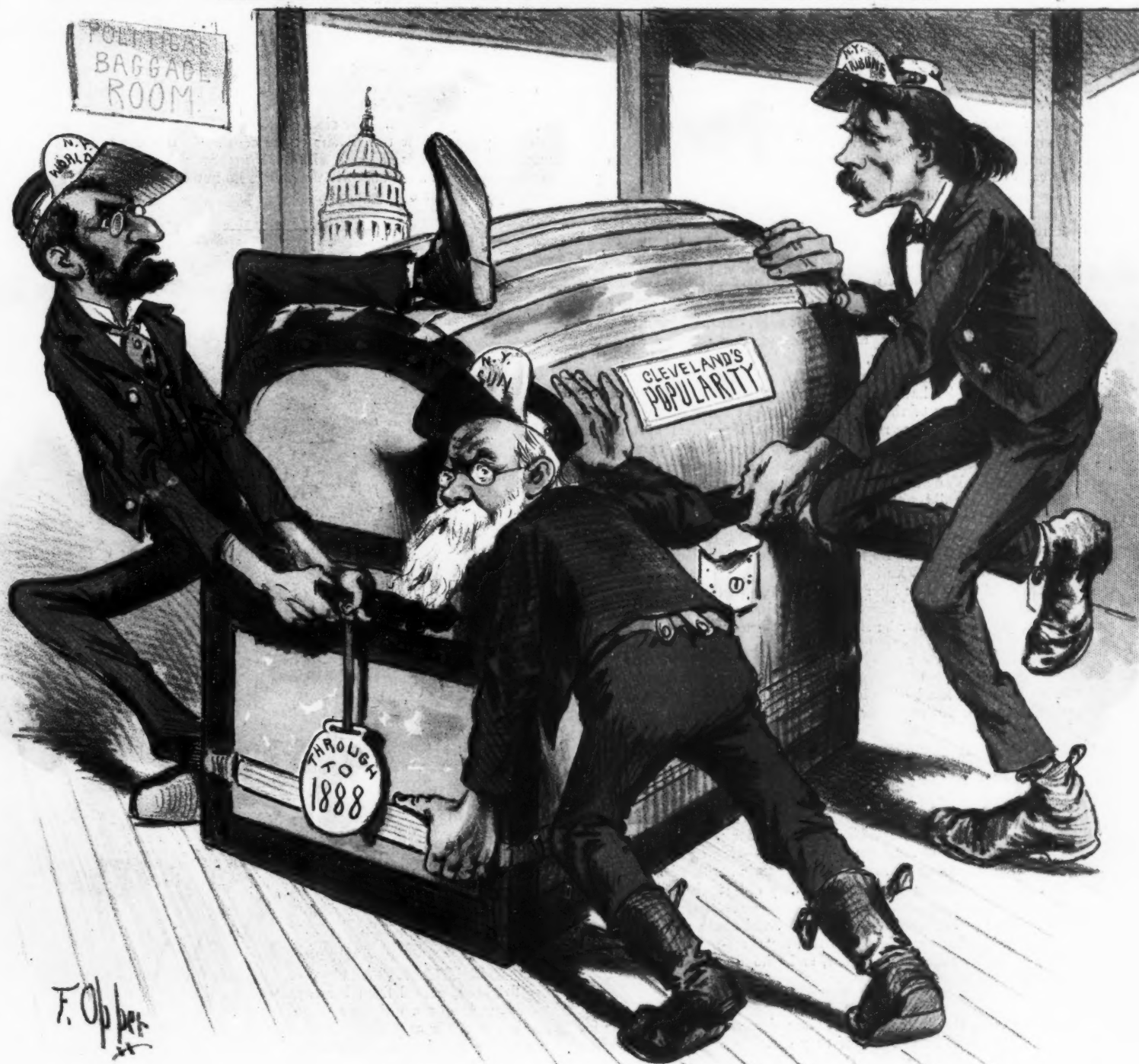


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TOO SOLID TO BE SMASHED.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,
from the
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New York.

Publishers and Proprietors, - Joseph Keppler.
A. Schwarzmann.
Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, June 29th, 1887.—No. 538.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PHYSICIANS WHOSE PRACTICE has brought them into contact with nervous and excitable women know well the phenomena of simulated hysteria. It is a sham readily recognized by the practiced eye; but very alarming to the lay beholder. Most commonly, women affect this form of malingering; but there are men who are adepts at it. Experts had a good chance last week to study some interesting manifestations in this line. An officious public official, named Drum, proposed to restore to the states to which they originally belonged certain flags captured in the War of the Rebellion, and now stored in Washington. He issued an order to accomplish his purpose, and the President, in the ordinary course of routine business, gave his oral sanction to the issuing of this order. He relied too much upon the discretion of his subordinate—a relic of an earlier administration—and found, when his attention was called to the matter by a wild outcry from certain newspapers, that the order was not only uncalled for but without warrant of authority. He promptly withdrew his approval; and, with all rational men, that was the end of what in Europe would be called the "incident."

But to the hysterical subjects among the professional politicians it was only the beginning of a prolonged and lively fit. These unfortunate beings are hysterical by nature; and, hysteria being, so to speak, their strong hold, they are hysterical upon the smallest provocation. The hysterical politician is to be found in every grade of office. The specimen best known to New Yorkers is, perhaps, that super-sensitive creature, ex-Alderman Füllgraff, who, on being asked if he had taken a bribe for his vote in the matter of a certain railway, theatrically called upon God to strike him dead if he was guilty of the crime. He subsequently, upon several occasions, swore that he had taken the bribe referred to—but that is a side-issue. The incident of the battle-flags brought out a case very similar, in the admixture of strong religious feeling with political hysteria, to that of our own Füllgraff. General Fairchild, an excitable person from the west, saw fit to demand of his creator that the person who signed the obnoxious order should be afflicted with paralysis in two places at once. When the gentle Fairchild made this modest request he thought that the signer of the order was President Cleveland. He has probably discovered by this time that the person who should be disabled, in compliance with his directions, is poor Drum, who is a veteran of the Mexican War and also of the Civil War, and who is also, in politics, a sort of small and less noisy Fairchild. It would be interesting to know whether, in the light of these facts, Fairchild will still insist upon inflicting a scattering palsy upon his fellow veteran, or whether he is willing to withdraw his curse and let up on Drum.

"Palsied be the hand—" why, the boys in the gallery would guy that sort of talk in a Bowery Theatre. How does it appeal to rational men?

The men who did the fighting during the War of the Rebellion are not the men who are doing the talking to-day. They are not hunting for increased pensions; they are not howling wildly for the preservation of captured battle-flags of whose existence they did not know a fortnight ago. They are—those of them who live to-day—earning their living in various walks of life, asking no favors, fighting their battle with the world in manly fashion, and doing their duty as they did it when the nation's life was in peril. The man who stands on the street corner and howls for more pension money, and talks about the Solid South and his love for the dear old flag is, nine chances out of ten, a "three-months' man" who never got within fifty miles of the front, and who doesn't know one end of a cartridge from the other.

Thank heaven, the hysterical politicians do not do the thinking for the country. It would be ill for us if they did. Mr. Foraker, the Governor of Ohio, (the man who came to New York in the last gubernatorial

campaign to speak for the Republican party, waved the "bloody shirt," disgusted the Mugwumps, and defeated Mr. Davenport,) no sooner heard of the proposed return of the flags held by the authorities at Washington than he telegraphed to all the world that he would never, never, give up the flags in Ohio's State House. Nobody had asked him to give them up; they did not belong to him; it was none of his business whatever. But that was nothing to Foraker. He became hysterical at once. In fact, he had an epileptic fit. You would not expect Foraker to know when to stop. But it is pleasant to note that while he rolled on the ground and foamed at the mouth, the people of the United States retained their self-possession.

TO THE EDITOR OF PUCK—Sir:

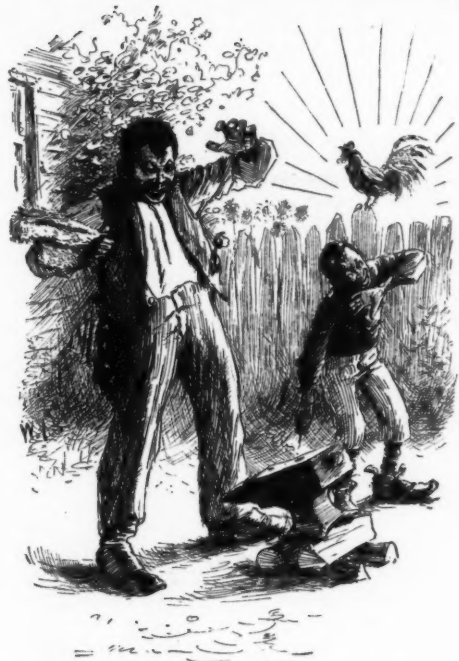
I asked the news agent of the Forty-second Street "L," up-town side, why it was that other papers were so conspicuous, while Puck was almost hidden from view. He replied that it was his orders from headquarters; but did not know why it was. At the Fiftieth Street station I saw the same thing; but in reply to my inquiry, the agent was more discreet, and only smiled and looked wise. Can you answer my question?

We receive many complaints from regular readers of Puck, that the paper is not to be obtained, or only with difficulty and after repeated application, on the news-stands in the Elevated Railway stations. We know that these complaints are well-founded, and an explanation is due to the readers of Puck. The company which leases or sub-leases this valuable franchise from the city makes a practice of demanding from publishers a fee of \$10 a week for exposing papers—that is, for selling them as they are sold on other stands. If the demand is refused, the contumacious journal is either not handled at all, or, if regular customers insist upon it, is kept for sale; but so hidden, in whole or in part, that purchasers can not readily see it. This fee we will not pay. The amount is trifling; but the principle is not. The charge is an out-and-out extortion; and we will not pay it, be it ten dollars or ten cents. In this determination we know that the friends of Puck will gladly support us; and if they are further annoyed, we shall take what measures lie in our power to satisfy them and to protect our own interests.



Mrs. Chum-Chumley, of England, with impressions of Brighton, gained from her experience at that British watering-place, has been waiting two weeks for her trunks, before appearing in public at Coney Island, fearing that society would frown on her as being under-dressed. Her first walk on the beach disabused her mind of any such idea.

THE DARKTOWN CELEBRATION.



LUK HAR, Silus, whot's de matter
Wid dat pesky anwil, boy?
Doan yo' know de celerbration
Iz commencin' to injoy?
Fill dat anwil to de muzzle,
Dribe de plug an' let her zip—
An' I reckon, Silus, dat yo'
Better take er leetle skip.

Doan yo' let de white trash beat yo';
Plenty powder fo' de gun
Dot am waitin' de orcasion
Fo' de risin' ob de sun.
Now, den, Silus, ram her heaby,
Put de plug in, let her whiz;
Jes' I reckon, dat poo' white trash
'G'in us niggers has no biz.

Silus, doan' yo' know de reason
Why de colored folks orate
On dis day when all de nation
Sorter riz an' make fings great?
Washin'ton he did deskiber
Dat dar nigger in de fence,
On de Fo'rt ob July, Silus—
Dat's de reason we 'm ermense!

Now, den, Silus, p'int de anwil
To de heabens; pile her chuck
To de brim wid powder, sonny,
Let her bim, now, jes' fo' luck.

*
* *
*

Dis am cur'us; all my pusson
Am quite feeble, an' I's boun'
On de head wid flour an' 'lasses—
An' poo' Silus hain't come down.

H. S. Keller.



AN ELDERLY YARN.

KING SAUL.—Behold, David, the harp hath lost its power! Peradventure, a story will soothe and comfort me.

DAVID.—Oh, mighty king, thou speakest wisdom! This scrap from my vest-pocket will I read unto you:

YOUNG MAN.—Mr. Weeks, why don't you shingle your barn?

OLD FARMER.—'Cause it's rainin'.

YOUNG MAN.—Well, why don't you shingle it when it is n't raining?

OLD FARMER.—It don't need it then.

—Life Papyrus, June 16, 1887.

(Z-z-zpp!) Look here, you tan-headed old duffer; be a little careless with that javelin, will you!

MUCH OF THE "Cable News" in the papers reads as if it might have come by the Harlem Cable line.

THE MAN who has drunk one glass of Hoboken beer, mixed with Hoboken music, is satisfied ever after to take the beer straight.

IT IS A CURIOUS FACT that the only men who know just how a newspaper should be conducted are generally engaged in some other business.

DR. GEORGE W. BULL, a young New York surgeon, has invented an instrument by which the length or limit of vision can be instantly determined. The Hoboken Ferry Company has ordered ten barrels of them for exclusive use of return Sunday passengers.

MR. BLAINE has adopted a cipher for his cable correspondence from abroad. The characters most frequently used will probably be "Rettel siht nrub."

DANCING ON THE GREEN—Jumping On a Countryman.

WAVING THE B—DY S—RT.

BUMMER (removing fly from his presentation glass with a burnt cigar-splint).—Palsied be the—

BAR-TENDER.—Rats!

BUMMER.—I say, palsied be the han—

BAR-TENDER.—Come off!

BUMMER.—Look here, young feller; you never fit, 'n you don't 'preciate the feelin's of an ole war-hoss. When I read this mornin' thet the gov'ment hed ordered the sale of all the ole sutlers' wagons at Fort Laramie, tears as big as dumplin's run down my seam'd checks. I wuz thar in '61!

PROFESSOR ROBERT S. BALL, Astronomer Royal of Ireland, sails for this country shortly. He will visit Canada in search of some of the stars that Mr. O'Brien saw in that dominion.

MR. KYRLE BELLEW has gone to England; but all is well. A prominent haberdasher displays some red, yellow and blue pajamas near Twenty-eighth Street, so that Broadway has some life left.

AT A RECENT VOTING, the best ten novels of the world were pronounced to be "Ivanhoe," "Adam Bede," "Romola," "The Scarlet Letter," "Les Misérables," "David Copperfield," "Henry Esmond," "Wilhelm Meister," "On the Heights," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The suicide, day before yesterday, of the author of "Carved Kidney, The Blood Tank, or The Stain on the Poker Chip," is supposed to have been caused by jealousy and mortification.

SITTING BULL is showing his sincere grief over the death of his daughter by slaughtering half of his enemies at Standing Rock Agency, D. T. How fortunate it is for the other half that Miss Sitting Heifer was not born twins!



NOT SURPRISED.

"I have always been—aw—rather conservative," remarked young Mr. Sissy: "even when a little boy. You will probably be surprised, Miss Maude, to know that when a child I never ate a second piece of pie for fear of being made sick."

"No," Mr. Sissy, said Miss Maude, looking him over: "I am not surprised. I should have expected as much."



UNDER BLUE SKIES.

THERE IS NOTHING pleasanter at the present time than wandering listlessly around the garden. The blossoms have disappeared and are now drifting softly and silently into apples and other fruit that will some day gladden our eyes and mouths.

The old apple tree that grows on an incline now looks serene and mellow in its bright green dress: one month ago it seemed a snow-drift, and I trust I may be pardoned for quoting an irreverent friend who playfully likened it unto an intoxicated ecclesiastic as it swayed about in the riotous winds.

I will go so far as to say that my friend probably meant an ecclesiastic intoxicated with joy; for the tree seemed to rustle in happiness. And then the birds sang their sweetest songs as though in response to the bishop. They seemed to be the choir hidden behind the curtain of the leaves, and it was pleasant to observe the vanity of the red and blue minstrels as they flitted about occasionally for the purpose of showing off their gaudy dresses. The blue jay would thrust his top-knot into view as though saying: "How do you like my bonnet, eh?" And the cardinal bird would dart about like a winged rose; and the yellow bird would follow suit in pleasant rivalry until it seemed a war of red and yellow roses. And when they were not singing they were chattering for all the world like the sewing society. And, strangest of all, down on the lower limbs were a couple of blackbirds. They represented to me the few moral colored people who always sit in the last pew.

The wistarias are now in blossom, and the limbs almost bend beneath the weight of the pendulous clusters. Now and then a humming bird flies straight at a bunch, when some frolicsome breeze blows it out of his way and he flies a yard before he can stop himself. And as the bunch is blown out of his way, a handful of great bees are spilled rudely, and they murmur and fret like so many women disappointed by their dressmakers.

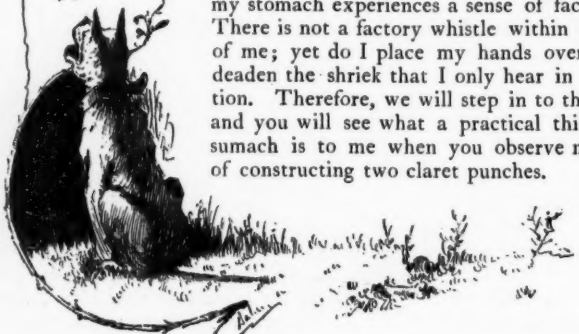
When the lilacs burst into bloom, the loveliest season of the year is with us; and a single bunch on an office desk takes the edge off the noise and bustle of the town, and yields a sense of rural joy and beauty. Once upon a time the prevailing tone of fashion was heliotrope; and it was at this time that a certain girl, whose name has escaped us, was attired in garments of this tint when she went out to pluck some lilacs for the mantel. As she reached for a bunch, the flowers looked down into her eyes, which were even a more tender lilac than they could boast; but the envy of the flowers was such that they turned white, which is probably the origin of the white lilac.

But to go back to bees. Never trouble or molest a bee. If you dislike the bee, don't make him aware of it by your actions. Be charitable and let him fancy that you esteem him highly. He will then go away and leave you in peace. If you strike at him and miss, he will certainly sting you. Never strike at a bee unless you are a dead shot. Rather place yourself upon his sufferance, and console yourself with the reflection that man was never made to cope with a bee.

I have a dog who once regarded the bee as a pestiferous insect that should not be tolerated. One day he was lying in the path and a bee commenced circling about his head. He lay perfectly still and waited for a good opportunity. Finally the bee got close enough, and the dog made a vigorous snap at it. But he did not get the bee. The bee got the dog, and the dog got under the stoop as fast as possible; and for almost two weeks I administered his food to him on the end of a pole, which I thrust gently into the darkness in the direction of two pink-green eyes that burned like Castor and Pollux in the inky gloom.

Flowers and shrubs always suggest something or other to me. So you would like to know what those scraggy sumachs that trespass through the hedge mean? Well, I will tell you: It is noon, but there is no factory whistle in this drowsy old place; but I have been in the city, and my stomach experiences a sense of factory whistle. There is not a factory whistle within twenty miles of me; yet do I place my hands over my ears to deaden the shriek that I only hear in my imagination. Therefore, we will step in to the sideboard, and you will see what a practical thing a sombre sumach is to me when you observe me in the act of constructing two claret punches.

R. K. M.



TO GLADSTONE.

MDCCCLXXXVII.

(Sonnet Found Among the Papers of Mr. M. J. Doolan.)

THE BLOODY IRON HEEL of Saxon hate
Now lifts its Hydra head with venom vile,
And stalking through the down-throd Emerald Isle,
Stains wid its gory hand the web of Fate;
Once more does Freedom gaze on the debate
And shriek aloud to outraged Heaven, while
The hellish Coercion Act makes her blood boil,
And she weeps the bitter tear, disconsolate!
God bless Parnell, and also William O'Brien,
And all the heroes far beyond the sea,
Who fight to free the old land from the yoke.
But thou, O, Gladstone, O, thou orator fine,
Thou greatest statesman intirely, God bless thee!
—I wish that Salisbury's ould head was broke!
T. Shandygaffe.



SAVED!

Mrs. John Green Tubber, the celebrated amateur actress, while taking a woodland stroll, meets a party of tramps, of fierce and threatening aspect. With great presence of mind she pulls down her hair and gives her blood-curdling impersonation of Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene, with the above gratifying result.

WHEN A MAN SAYS he "don't like oil," and demands sugar for his lettuce, give him lump sugar.

THERE WAS A funeral the other day which would have been a complete success if one of the mourners had not inadvertently used the death certificate to light his pipe with, rendering it necessary to postpone the interment. We can scarcely credit the rumor that it was an Irish funeral.

A JERSEYMAN'S IDEA of celebrating the Glorious Fourth is to come to New York and spend his money for oyster stews.

A DAY'S WORK.

Tired Wife.—John, I've been bending over this wash-tub ever since four o'clock this morning, except the time I took to get the meals, and it is now night. I wish you'd go around the corner and buy a scuttle of coal.

Husband.—It's five minutes to eight o'clock, and I must be at that there labor meetin' at eight.

T. W.—More meetings! What is this one for?

H.—We're goin' to strike fer eight hours.



WE TRY TO KEEP abreast of the styles, and occasionally introduce a thing or two ourselves; yet we are never so ultra high-toned that we can not enjoy an "old-fashioned" straw-ride. But the girl herself must be tailor-made.

IT IS NOW impossible to find any brand of bicycle on which the record has not been broken.

THE PHILOSOPHER who wrote "Riches have wings" must have been inspired by a ten-minutes' sojourn at Niagara Falls.

THE GERMAN HAS got a corner in groceries.

A POET SINGS: "How little we know of each other!" That poet evidently does not live in a country village.

ALL WOOL—Prof. Jaeger.

SOME MEN TALK so much that their stock of truth necessarily gives out before they get through.

SHE.—Scribble looks so poetical to-night!

HE.—Yes; especially the fringe about the bottoms of his trousers.

FIRST BOARDER.—Is this corned beef?

SECOND BOARDER.—I have just tried a piece, and my opinion is that it is neither corned nor hayed, but starved.

THE "EXTRA" FIEND.

OR, ALONE IN A GREAT CITY.

!!!!!!

"Extree, full, yeoh, yeoh, wahoo, yeoh!!!!!"

He was a youth with flaming eyes, and had a bundle of papers under his arm. Something annoyed his peace and happiness. The neighbors were also annoyed. Then he would break out again: "Yeoh, yeoh, extree!!!!"

"Some horrible accident again," muttered D. Blakesly to himself: "Will there be no end to it?" He tried to look indifferent. Then he fumbled in his pockets for loose change. He said probably it might concern him.

The extra fiend then danced a Sioux sun dance, and yelled: "Wahoo!! Yahoo!!! Kiyah!!!! Extree!!!!"

D. Blakesly then said, eagerly: "Gimme a copy."

"Tree cents," said the fiend, with a monopolistic air.

D. Blakesly then fished for two extra cents. He then went to a convenient lamp-post, and under the dim light read:

"EXTRA!!

"BASE-BALL.

"The 'Giants' knocked out by the Waybacks!

"Gilligan makes a three-base hit and scores a run! Fuzzle, the umpire, escapes injury by an angry audience!" &c.

W. L. Crissey.

"SORRY, SIR; but it's just out," is an unsatisfactory sort of a dish often served at the big hotels.

SENECA DID HIS philosophizing under the encouraging auspices of an eleven-million-dollar bank account.

THE MAN WHO SAYS "empire" for "um-pire," is generally the loudest talker on the grounds.



A CHANGE OF OPINION.

MISS ANGLOMANIAC.—Oh, do hear the cannonade and see the fireworks—how charming! It must be a continuation of the jubilee year festivities!

YOUNG BROTHER.—Why, Mollie, you stupid; it's the Fourth of July!

MISS ANGLOMANIAC.—Oh, what a vulgar, distressing racket!

THREE OF A KIND.

THE TRUE STANDARD.

THOUGH TUTTLE SQUEAK, and Fairchild curse
With oaths like Hell, or something worse,
This fact proclaims a jubilee,
That Boston welcomes "R. E. Lee."

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

FAIR WAS THE child, but deep and dark his curse
On faultless hand and tongue and brain, God wot!
But, like to chickens, curses roost at home,
And palsy yet may be the Fairchild's lot.

THE IGNOBLE CHIEF.

IN WRATH HE threw a dreadful bolt,
His praise with cheers the Army sang;
But when they went to count the dead,
They found the bolt a boomerang.
Their chieftain lay, where he had led,
A corpse without a heart or head.
N. S.

WHEN A GIRL is listening to a proposal, her eyes may not be fixed upon those of the young man; but they are certainly not wandering about the room.

THE QUEEN never fails to send five pounds to every new English mother of twins. But what is mere money in the dark hour of affliction?

THE REPORT THAT Baby Anson will give up base-ball at the close of the present season and study for the ministry is denied.

IT IS A LITTLE EARLY to give it away; but the excavation now being made at Erastina, in connection with Mr. Forepaugh's latest racket, is not for artesian well purposes. The hole is already down nine hundred feet, and, on its reaching the one-thousand-foot level, Messrs. D—a and P—r will be invited to descend and give a dog-and-woodchuck exhibition for the benefit of an otherwise satiated populace.

SUNNY ITALY SENDS her children to this country to dispense shines at the rate of five cents each



AN ECHO OF LAST WEEK.

BEASTLY AMERICAN CAD (*in London*).—Why, Chumley, old boy, what's the matter? Ain't you ashamed of yourself?

CHUMLEY.—'s Squeen's jubilee c'm'n'ement fest-tivish!

AMERICAN.—Well, why can't you let the old lady celebrate it, then, without your *both* getting full?

NOT FROM THE GRAND OLD MASTERS.



woman, who had no appreciation of the occasion, changed the subject and informed me with considerable ostentation that her mother had been a poet.

"Alas," I reflected: "what a demon is this false pride!"

She said that her mother wrote some things during the war that were widely circulated. "By an unscrupulous enemy," I said to myself. She then rummaged in a deep Boston pocket and brought forth some of her late mother's lamented lyrics. I had to read them. The first one was pretty bad, so I said: "It is delightful; this will show me the style of all." Not appearing to think it would, she gave me another piece and another. Then she gave me more. I did not wish to read them; I did not want to hurt her feelings by a refusal. I resorted to a subtle artifice. Having a poem in hand, I calculated the time necessary to its perusal, and then, during that period, gazed earnestly at the grass over the top of the paper. The only fatigue incident to this procedure was in estimating the time for a poem, and I would occasionally rest myself by asking permission to read the same poem over again. After a time a cricket got into a brawl with some ants in the grass, and things did not look so bad. When I handed the poem back, she always put it at the bottom of the pile and gave me another, like clock-work. This seems very easy; but at one time I thought the young woman would discover my treachery:

"Did you understand that phrase, 'the dun front of purple war?'"

It was a critical moment. I knew only that if the phrase were a noted one, I must be enthusiastic. "Oh, I don't pretend to understand; I only enjoy!" I said in rapture.

Presently she asked: "How did you think she would terminate that sentence, 'Lilies to poppies turned by blood?'"

"With a period—ah, I just let myself fall into a trance; I do not try to anticipate!"

"What did you think she would have rhyme to 'truth?'"

"That was hard, was n't it?"

"The hounds of war that men call sleuth." She has been greatly pained for that.

I breathe free again; but I saw that my long pauses were dangerous. Determining on another scheme, I bent my brow, became gradually wrought into a state of high admiration, and read faster and faster. She could not give me the pieces quickly enough. Every moment I ejaculated: "Spirited!" "Fine!" "Elegant!" "Splendid!" "Beautiful!" "Grand!" "Magnificent!" Etc. This was to explain my haste and also to keep her

WAS ONCE conversing in a romantic tone of voice with a young woman from Boston. It was at West Point. We sat on a rustic seat overlooking the river; the fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar twined amorous round the tender scene. It was a time for yielding hearts; with ordinary diligence we could have had our vows nicely plighted before parade; the flowers sprang wanton to be pressed, the birds sang love on every spray; when, too, too soon the young

mind employed. My speed became terrific. But once I made a mistake; she gave me a slip of about ten verses; without looking at it, I put it right in the mill, cried, "Fine!" "Splendid!" "Magnificent!" "Incomparable!" "Incomprehensible!" and gave it back in less than a second, ejaculating: "The most perfect conclusion ever given a poem by the hand of man; all the threads so deftly joined in one mighty strand—"

"Here is the rest of it," she said. Her emotion was so great she had not detected my error.

Again I read like lightning. I snatched the slips from her hand and devoured them, the paper held scarce half-an-inch from my insatiate eye. The perspiration stood in beads on my brow. All the time I shouted words of joy and admiration. Fully a hundred poems had been vanquished and I was timing myself on a hundred more.

"Ah!" I shouted: "here is something new—give me another! What fertility she has of invention! Give me another! Ah, ah! Kaleidoscopic genius that never repeats—give me 'nother—sublime, ridiculous, I should say—give me 'nother, 'nother—where now is the boasted—give me 'nother—myriad-mind of the—'nother—Bard of Avon?—gimme 'nother—ah, ah! Unlike all I've read before—'nother—and yet equal in the unequalled—equality of merit—'nother, 'nother, 'nother—still different—'nother—such fecundity of chameleon—versa—give me two of 'em—tility, such—"

She gave a great start; she, too, had been mistaken.

"Why, these last ones were the first you read; I've been putting them underneath!"

I thought she would cry. But, manlike, my first thought was a selfish

one: "Why, then we are through!" Then my new-found happiness was dashed by the reflection that I had betrayed myself as a hypocrite and a traitor. "It was only now that I grasped the true spirit of them," I explained.

"Then would you like to read them all over again?"

"Not to-day, thank you." Perhaps my tone was too exultant:

For her face grew cold at my words so bold, and up the poems she did fold.

This happened many years ago, and was the circumstance on which is founded the song: "Ooee Na-ver Spee-k as We Pass By, Bom-bom, Bom-bom."

Williston Fish.



HIS LAST RESORT.

"I am poor," he said to a Chicago girl: "and you are rich; but true love levels such distinctions, and—"

She interrupted him with one of the most positive negatives, if such an expression can be allowed, ever uttered in the windy city.

"This, then, is my last resort," he said desperately; and he displayed a silver-mounted revolver.

"You ought to get five or six dollars on it," replied the girl encouragingly.

THE SAME OLD "AD."

GOOD MORNIN', mister paper man, I see your 're lookin' wise; I'd like to have you root your quill along my advertise.

What shall you say? Well, do it as you done the thing last year; So hustle up your dainty quill an' let the thing appear.

Now, don't forgit the meader grass a-hidin'

pearly brooks;

Jist sling in that old shady lane an' cosey

rustic nooks;

Put in the same fresh butter, them original-

laid eggs,

Them Bessemer-spring chickens waltzin' on

their nobby legs.

Jist say that every boarder gits a room to

face the sea.

(How can I do it? Never mind, jist leave

that thing to me!)

H. S. Keller.





CURRENT POETRY.

THE YOUNG ambitious versifier, as he tuneth up his brand-new lyre, is filled with a most intense desire to write something fresh and witty:

He racks his budding intellect, but his wandering thoughts will not connect; there seems to be some sad defect in the metre of his ditty.

He tries to tell in iambic style things funny enough to cause a smile, but changes to dactylic after awhile—without intending to do 't:

'Tis quite strange with a mind such as his is, that his effort its mark always misses; if 'twere writ i' the style that this is, I'm positive 'twould suit.

For th' poetry written most nowadays is a three-line-and-one-line poem like this—no matter how funny or solemn it is, though the metre may not be correct—

If it's opened with th' word "pathetic"—the next line ending "æsthetic"—then ringing in "peripatetic," your poem's accepted and "checked."

Wm. F. Schmidt.

NOTE.—Metre intentionally "off," to prove assertion.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

FROM THE advance sheets of "The Bitter Dregs," a story of passion and feeling by Montrose Madeira, Esq., the rising young Boston novelist: "It was noble in you to speak so frankly of your struggles and poverty. Very few men would be brave enough to own that they had formerly lived in South Boston."

Peleg Burnham's face flushed with delight at Elvira's words.

"I too have suffered," she continued, with the sigh of one who has tasted of life's bitterness: "Last summer"—the cold, hard look which he had noted once before came into her eyes, and there was a perceptible quiver in the lips as she spoke—"last summer we visited my uncle's family in Vermont. They have a motto, 'God Bless our Home,' over the mantel-piece, and at night they gather about the melodeon and sing from 'The Golden Treasury of Song,' forming a group similar to that which embellishes the cover of that volume."

"And you can speak of these things unmoved!" exclaimed Burnham.

"It is you who have taught me to be brave, Peleg," she made answer: "but I have not told you all. My father has invited them to visit us this winter, and they are coming—all of them—on Tuesday—and the Browning Club meets at our house on Wed—Wednesday." Her words ended in a dry sob, but in another moment her strong, womanly nature reasserted itself, and she was herself again, calm, proud and defiant.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Burnham: "And the Golden Treasury of Song! Will they bring that, too?"

"I know not," she answered, wearily: "It may be that they will bring not only that but the motto and the melodeon, as well."

There was in Peleg's nature a strong element of poetic chivalry which enabled him to appreciate and admire any act of silent heroism, especially on the part of a woman. He rose slowly from the low chair on which he



NOT A PATRIOT.

"Excuse me, stranger," he said: "I see you are unfortunate in having a crippled leg."

"Yes, sir; I got that during the war of the Rebellion."

"Ah, indeed! Were you under McClellan?"

"No, sir; I was under a beer wagon in Hoboken."

had been sitting, and with a sudden movement of exquisite, fawn-like grace knelt at her feet, reverently lifted the hem of her tailor-made dress and impressed upon it a kiss.

"Noble, suffering woman," he murmured: "I will come to the Browning Club, to be with you in your hour of trial!"

BREAK THE iron padlocks from the casements;
Take the anchor-chains from off the door;
Send the massive bull-dog to the dog-pound,
The Seventh's back!
We shall not need them more.

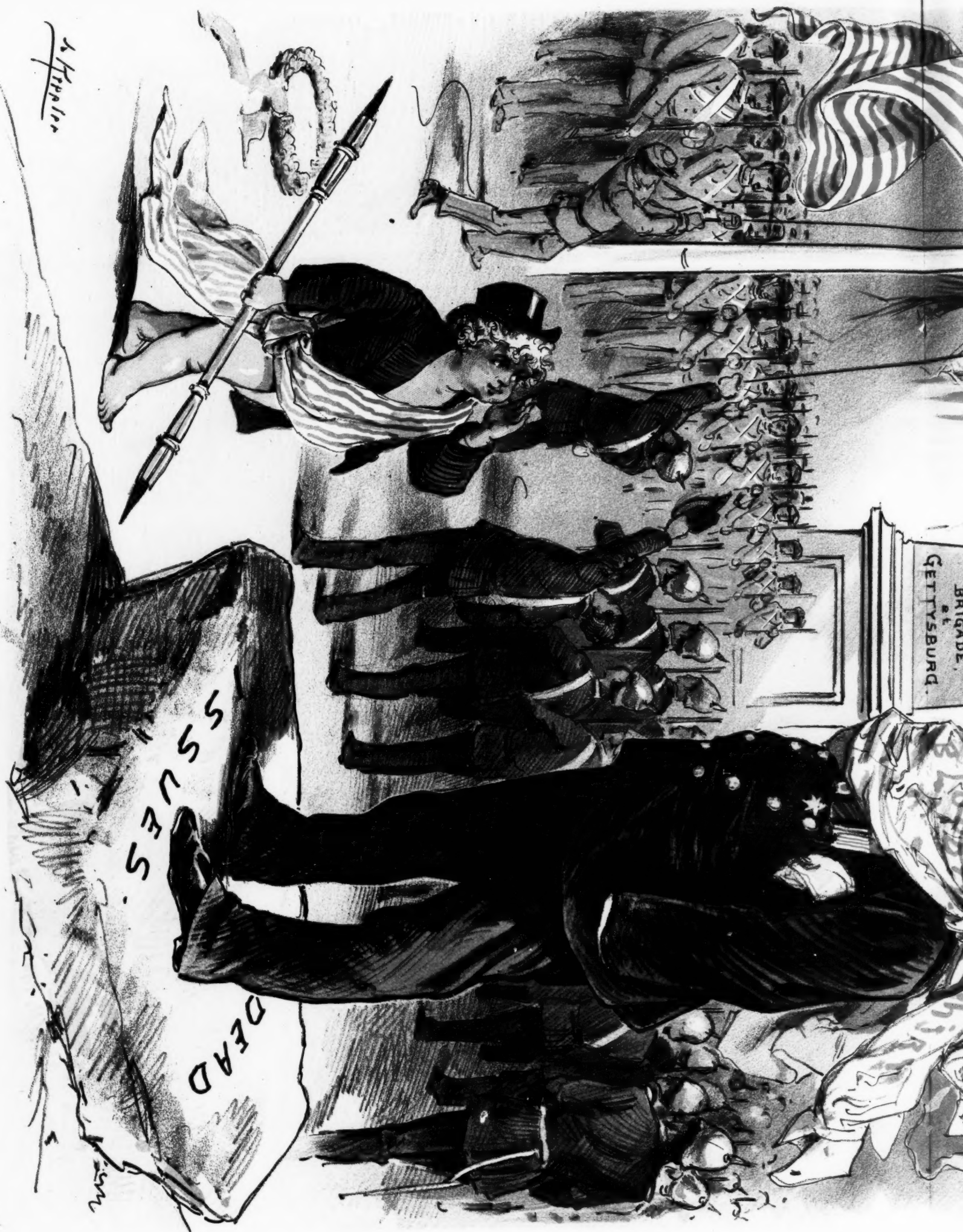
SENATOR HOAR has got his bloody shirt back from the laundry.

THEY SELL BEER at the base of the Bartholdi Statue every Sunday.
That's why the place is called Liberty Island.



A SABBATH ECHO FROM THE EAST SIDE.

OFFICER BUTTONS.—It's sorry Oi am for the poor thirsty devils of the neighborhood; but 'tis me juty to enforce the lah.
CHORUS OF TENEMENT-DWELLERS.—'Twould be dhry of a Sunday widout Cassidy's foive pair o' twins.



"NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO WON'T SEE."

Puck.—General Fairchild, if you will take that shirt from before your eyes, you will see that the Gettysburg of 1887 is not the Gettysburg of 1863!



WHY WOULDN'T A "WILD EAST" SHOW BE POPULAR, TOO?

Here are a Few Features for It.



Marvelous wild eastern marksmanship.



Attack on a passenger conveyance by wild newspaper hoodlums of the highway.



The great Brooklyn medicine chief, "Howling Whirlwind."



The lightning courier of the pathless East.



War-dance of the Stock-Exchange Indians.



The "Copper" tribe on the war-path—Surrounding the home of a peaceful settler.

SKAT.

THIS IS TRULY the Age of Games; and it is difficult to think of any game that does not receive its fair share of attention. Some games go out, and are again revived; other games that are considered new are really revivals of almost forgotten ones. Scott, in one of his poems, alludes to tennis, and the chances are that we would know croquet through Sir John Suckling, if that game had been played in the Elizabethan era.

But all games are not universal; the Russ does n't play "mumble-th-peg," or the Jap "duck-on-the-rock." Each game seems to have its province; or, to be more correct, every country has its game; but every country is not familiar with the games of every other country.

Skat is a German game; and we will begin by printing the title-page of a book recently published concerning it:

"An Illustrated Grammar of Skat, the German Game of Cards—German Playing Cards—Model Games—Glossary of Skat Terms—German Card-Table Talk, and a Bibliography of Skat." Then occur four cards illustrated with human figures, which look like a walking match; and, just under the pedestrians, we are told that "this is the second edition, revised and greatly enlarged."

The illustrations in the front of the book, of which there are two pages, consist of cards that might be intended to represent church windows, or bock-beer signs. One set is after L. Burger's, and the other is after E. Doepler's designs. The terms Eckstein Dame, Schippen König, Herz Bube, Kreuz König, etc., remind us of the dear old days when we belonged to a card club in Dusseldorf.

The student is admonished to master as much Skat jargon as possible. This, of course, is one of the main things in the Skat grammar. Fancy an American displaying his ignorance before his German brother by playing Skat ungrammatically! To guard against such a possibility, the book includes the orthography and etymology of Skat.

If an American joins a party of Germans, and wishes to be in full standing, he should learn as much as possible of the phrasology of Skat, which, we believe, is scientifically known as Skatterminology. One of the beauties of Skat is that while playing you get an insight into the German character, and of German customs. You can learn more of a German

playing Skat with him ten minutes, than you could by attending a baseball match with him every day for ten years. You can get a better idea of German science out of an evening's Skatting, than you can out of reading every thing that Humboldt ever wrote.

We know a man out in New Jersey who spent a few years of his life at the University of Heidelberg. He left Heidelberg with a love of German cooking, and a face so fearfully hacked up by dueling that he can now use it successfully for cutting cole-slaw on. So he employed a member of a German band to teach his Irish girl to play Skat. After she had been playing the game two weeks, she had such a knowledge of German cooking that she could serve up Magenta cabbage and Solferino spinach, and all the wursts in the German calendar of cooking.

All the petty prejudices against the German race are owing to our ignorance of Skat. Let us learn Skat, and we will learn all the finer German qualities. The reason that the Irish and German races are prejudiced against each other is that the Irish are ignorant of Skat, and the Germans of "Forrutty-foives." Let the Germans once learn "Forty-fives," and the Irish Skat, and the two flags of those nations will be woven together until they look like a yellow rose-tree in June; and Culmbacher would be pooten, and pooten Culmbacher.

And if Bismarck would only see that the other nations of Europe are taught Skat, and that his own are taught the games of other countries, it is very probable that the question of war and peace would be forever satisfactorily settled.

RED SHIRT has had some cards engraved in London. They bear the name: "Mr. Carmine Undergarment."

THE FLEECY CLOUDS in lazy squadrons lie,
No cooling breeze among the clover strays,
No ripple round the water-lily plays—
The lake's as blue and tranquil as the sky;
Now doth the locust suddenly unclasp
His peace-destroying, scissors-grinding rasp.

AFTER A LYNCHING BEE in Texas, recently, a couple of men hung about unable to leave the scene.

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ADVICE FOR NEW MEMBERS.



WASHINGTON, June 13.—(Special.)

—As an extra session of Congress is likely to be called any time this summer, the Congressional youngsters of last November's crop will thank Puck for printing the following ingots of advice, given by a venerable ex-statesman at a time when your correspondent was threatened with Congressional honors:

Before starting for Washington, abandon the idea that the wheels of legislation could not be put in motion in the event of your train going through a bridge.

Don't expect that a brass band will meet you when you reach the capital. Three-hundred-and-twenty-four other gentlemen of your dignity will enter Washington about the same time, and the bands would n't go round.

When you go to your hotel, do not attach "Hon." to your name, or leave a space for the clerk to insert it. If you do, everybody will know that you are a "greeney."

If you enter the hotel bar and see a group of slouchy-looking men refreshing themselves, do not pass them with a glance of contempt, for they are very likely to be the leaders of the House.

Do not go to the capitol in a carriage. All the truly great members ride up to the hill standing on the back platforms of the street-cars and smoking violently.

When you take your seat in the House, don't expect that your fellow-members and the pages will gather about you and gaze curiously at *The* new member. Remember that there will be about a hundred new ones.

When the chaplain begins his prayer, it is essential that you should begin writing furiously; or, if there is no ink in your bottle, you should make for the lobby and stand in the doorway smoking while the blessing is invoked. All the members who have gained distinction have acted in this way.

When proceedings are begun, make it a point to write or read newspapers, or lean back with your eyes closed. Anyhow, do not let any one suspect that you are paying the slightest attention to the business of the House. A single look of attention and interest on your face would stamp you as a backwoodsman who had never before seen a legislative body.

If a member near you begins to address the House, be sure to turn your back to him instantly and rattle the pens on your desk, or drop books on the floor, or begin a loud conversation with some one—in fact, do anything to show your profound contempt for the speaker; for so do all the great men.

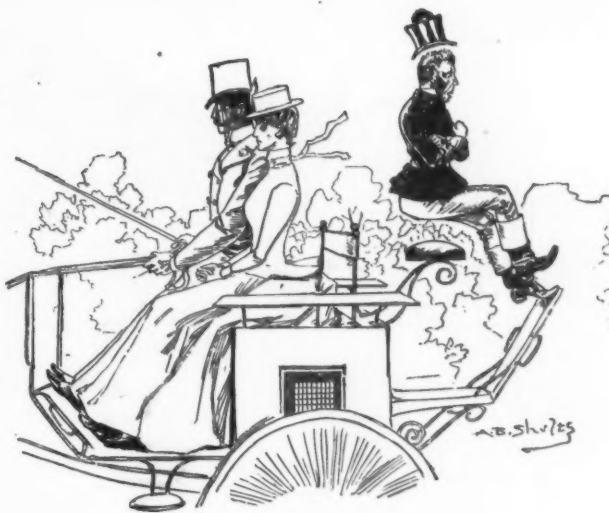
Do not fail to look at your watch every half-hour; then yawn, rub your eyes and let your lips move as if you were saying: "Hang this cursed business!" This pantomime will convince the galleries and some very fresh members that you are a legislative veteran.

Smoke a great deal. There are sofas just back of the last row of seats; select the most prominent one; lie down in full view of the galleries and puff away. The rules of the House forbid smoking on the floor, it is true; but only the insignificant members ever think of obeying petty regulations. You might, perhaps, make a big stroke at the outset by walking up to the speaker's desk with a lighted cigar between your lips. Some member would be sure to introduce a resolution having reference to your conduct, and your name would surely become known, which is a great point gained.

Pay frequent visits to the cold-tea department down-stairs. There you have an excellent chance of meeting the great men and getting on friendly terms with them, especially if you are able to suggest any new compound in the drinking line.

Leave the House two hours before adjournment, without fail. No leader can be seen about the capitol after three o'clock, unless he has some little job on hand.

Be sure to mention, as often as possible, how those tiresome



THOSE NEW TIGER-SEATS.

MRS. KILLINGSWORTH (*speaking through her teeth*).—Sit rigidly, Parker! Here comes the Livingrock's carriage.

PARKER (*with a physical and mental struggle*).—Y-ye(uk)s, m-me led(uk)dy!

newspaper men are bothering you for interviews, although you have hardly got your traveling clothes off. If possible, bribe a page to come to your desk every five minutes with a card, and each time exclaim aloud: "I won't be interviewed on the tariff or the administration." This is something like the old trick of the doctors; but it is tolerably new in Congress yet.

If it should happen that a newspaper man did really want to interview you, fly to him, fill his pockets with cigars, smile on him as you never smiled before and invite him to dine with you. Still, be reserved during the interview. Hint darkly of an attack you contemplate making on the administration. Look intelligently mysterious when the tariff is mentioned. Wink slyly if a rumored appointment is spoken of. Above all, endeavor to convey the impression that you are disgusted with your present life.

Get in your maiden speech as soon as possible. There is only one way whereby a new-comer can get the floor. Introduce a dynamitic resolution about some government abuse, no matter whether the abuse exists or not. You will then have a chance to explain and pose as a reformer.

Most important of all—range yourself from the beginning with the labor leaders. Then no speaker will dare to sit on you and you will have a clear field for jaw-work. Learn to pronounce the words, "blood-sucking monopoly" in such a way that your hearers will imagine that the blood is being drawn from their veins, and use the words in every second sentence you speak.

W. L. Riordon.



ON GUARD.

Jones stays at home to watch the meter.

JUNE 21.

DOLAN.—Hurroo, byes! Grab a brick! Killen has a bloody English flag in his windy!

KILLEN (*coming to door with a wash-boiler-cover shield*).—Whisht, fellys! Me landlord's the Saint George Society, an' it's a mont' behind Oi am wid th' rint!

SHORT AND SWEET—a baby.
Your own baby, of course;
not somebody else's.

MARSHALL P. WILDER is to be the guest of Mr. Barnard, of *Punch*, for a week, during his stay in England. French produce dealers are hedging in anticipation of a corner in the cotton crop; but there is no cause for alarm. A week's association of the raconteurs will result in the discovery of two mouths jumping through each other in a corner of the home sanctum, in an effort to spring something new.



SOMETHING NEW IN SOCIAL ETHICS.

LADY IN STREET-CAR.—You can't sit down here! This seat is reserved!

LADY GETTING IN.—Why, there's no such thing as reserved seats in street-cars!

LADY IN STREET-CAR (*indignantly*).—But there is such a thing, mum, as Street-Car Courtesy!

PISCATORIAL.

ANON, I THINK a little thought,
A thought that's father
to my wish,
That every one some sun-
ny day
May fry their other fish.

The school-mate of my
early days
Gives me a nod in pass-
ing by;
He's not to me what once
he was—
He's other fish to fry.

The maid I doted on awhile
(And people thought 't would be a match),
Skips gaily by, and minds me not—
She's other fish to catch.

The man who holds my I. O. U.
Ne'er fails to know me to a fault;
He counts the time by thirty days,
And has his fish in salt.

And now the eagle flaps his wings,
And in the air he proudly soars;
The Yankee baits his little hook
Upon forbidden shores.

And thus I think that Uncle Sam
Should fold his arms and never sigh;
The people have his cause at heart,
And—other fish to fry.

ANOTHER HANGING took place at the Tombs
last week. A prisoner engaged one of the
Leonard Street Rufi Choates, and hung up his
watch for retaining purposes.

AN INQUIRER ASKS: "Should the young man
kneel when he makes the proposal?" This
inquirer is evidently a poor specimen. He will
probably have to get down on all fours and
grovel.

THE NEW CHICAGO WEEKLY, *In the Swim*, has
plenty of soap back of it, we understand.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES says that "An Eng-
lishman or boy never goes anywhere with-
out his fists." Strictly speaking, how about Lord
Nelson?

THERE ARE MEN who can bet seven-dollars-and-
a-half on a four flush with an air of gi-
gantic nonchalance and a weary-of-the-world
expression on the face, who, three hours later,
can't crawl up-stairs in their stocking-feet with-
out trembling like an aspen leaf.

A DROWNING MAN will clutch at a straw, and
so will a thirsty man.



"WHAT CAN'T BE CURED
must be endured." Fight dirt with
SAPOLIO

and you will win.

Is there any melody in work? Work is considered irksome—
troublesome—unpleasant. If it does not accord with our desires,
it makes discord in our hearts. But to people who are trained to
do it rightly, work is one of the best amusements, and knows no
discord. There is melody in work. If the one who works uses the
best methods and combines wisdom with the work, then it goes
forward joyfully. Sapolio is the best method of doing all house
cleaning. No. 26.

BE SURE YOU GET THE

GENUINE

BROWN'S GINGER

Manufactured for **MORE THAN
FIFTY YEARS!**

SOLELY BY

Frederick Brown,
PHILADELPHIA.

Price, Fifty Cents a Bottle.

For Cramps, Colds, Colics, &c.,
&c., &c., as a Counter-Irritant,
on Flannel, it takes the place of
a Mustard Plaster, and will not
blister the skin. **THE GREAT
STIMULANT WITHOUT REAC-
TION—BROWN'S GINGER—**
Sustains the Strength, Causes
the Skin to Act Well, Warms the
Person, and does no harm.



Print Your Own Cards!

PRESS, \$2; Circular size press, \$4; Newspaper size, \$6.
Type-setting easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for
catalogue presses, type, cards, &c., to the factory,
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KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

To CONSUMPTIVES

Use **WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME
AND SODA**. For Consumption, Weak Lungs,
Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and General Debility
it is an acknowledged Specific Remedy. **TRY IT.**

Price, \$1 and \$2 per bottle. Prepared only by
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**MONTE CRISTO
WHISKEY.**

**RICH, SOFT, DELICATE IN FLAVOR.
EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE.**

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

CHILDS & CO.,

543 & 545 10TH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

THE male wasp, the naturalist tells us, never stings. But so long as he and his sister are twins and dress exactly alike, this bit of knowledge availeth nothing to the careless man who does not know it is the lady who is approaching him, until it be that he smiteth him with her bustle. What humanity demands of science in the case of the wasps is the invention of some prompter method of distinguishing between Monsieur and Mardamwazzle at forty yards.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

FROM casual remarks which we have noted, it seems that there were more men killed and wounded at Gettysburg than enlisted during the whole war.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

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is distilled Water
and is invariable in
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reservoir waters vary.

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substantial and handsome.
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Orchestras. Unequaled for
tone, surpass all others in
finish and appearance. If
nearest Music dealer does
not keep them, write to us
for Illustrated Catalogue.
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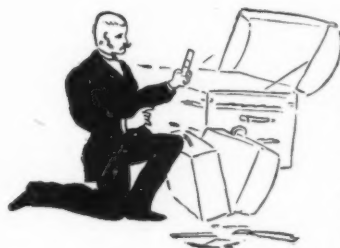
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a CONVENIENCE and A LUXURY; unequalled in
richness and permanency of lather, delicacy
of perfume, and in Soothing and Healing
qualities.

Very Portable.

Each stick in a wooden-case, neatly covered
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The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.



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Afternoon and Night Thereafter.

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learned in one reading. Great inducements to correspondence classes.
Prospectus, with opinions in full of Mr. PROCTOR, the Astronomer, Hon. W.
W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, DR. MINOR, WOOD, REV. FRANCIS B. DENIO,
The Christian Advocate, MARK TWAIN, and others, sent post free by
PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

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Muncz Lajos and Prince
Paul Esterhazy's Orchestra. Daily two Grand Con-
certs. Admission, 50 cents; Sundays, 25 cents.

A COMMON-SENSE REMEDY.

In the matter of curatives what you want is something that will do its work while you continue to do yours—a remedy that will give you no inconvenience nor interfere with your business. Such a remedy is ALL COCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. These Plasters are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. They require no change of diet, and are not affected by wet or cold. Their action does not interfere with labor or business; you can toil and yet be cured while hard at work. They are so pure that the youngest, the oldest, the most delicate person of either sex can use them with great benefit.

ANGOSTURA



BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SEIGENT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.
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HOMESPUNS,
TWEEDS, ETC.
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Trousers " " 5.00.

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PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

THE OPIUM HABIT

Cured without PAIN, EXPOSURE OR SLEEPLESSNESS at home, by the method of Dr. H. H. Kane, Author of "Drugs that Enslave," (Pub. Lindsay & Blackiston, Phila.) Descriptive Book with endorsements by 300 physicians, description, prices, &c. DR. KANE (formerly Sup't De Quincey Hospital), 164 Fulton Street, New York.

MISTRESS.—I am sorry to have you leave me, Mary.

MARY.—And I am sorry to go. There is n't any one I'd sooner do a favor for.

MISTRESS.—Ah, indeed! Then won't you be so kind as to give me a recommendation to hand to the next cook who applies?—*Harper's Bazar.*

"You can see how mooch deference he vhas in dis country," he was saying to a reporter yesterday as he gyrated his arms around in an excited manner: "My naybur he haf a poy. Dot poy gets on der railroad car und falls off und loses a leg. Der railroad folks pay his fadder two thousand dollar damages."

"Well?"

"Vhell, I haf a poy, und he goes on der railroad, und some policemen come along und pull him off, und oop he goes for thirty days. Do you call him some shustice und equality?"—*De-troit Free Press.*

DYSPEPSIA Its Nature, Causes, Prevention and Cure, being the experience of an actual sufferer, by JOHN H. MCALVIN, Lowell, Mass., 14 years Tax collector. Sent free to any address. 327

IMPROVED HIRES ROOT BEER

25 CENTS PER PACKAGE.
Makes Five Gallons of a delicious, sparkling temperance beverage. Strengthens and purifies the blood. Its purity and delicacy commend it to all. Sold by druggists and storekeepers everywhere.

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CHAMPION OF TWO CONTINENTS.

An Interesting Comparison of
THE WORLD'S GREAT BREWERIES.

Decidedly the greatest beer producing countries in the world are Germany and Austria. The manufacture of the national beverage and its consumption is a matter of investigation and comment for every traveler that has visited and written of those States. Many have gone behind the commercial feature of the industry, and have found in the production, fostered and protected as it is by the Government, a solution of the stability of the people. The people themselves, instead of fretting under the ordinary cares of life that carry more volatile neighbors into insurrection, absorb a philosophical quiet with the nectar of Gambrinus that saves them from the consequences of rashness. Small wonder that they cherish their colossal Brauerein and that the Government fosters them. The last annual official statistical showing of the product in Germany and Austria has just been received here. According to this report, the output of the six leading breweries of Germany and Austria, in 1886, was the following:

	BARRELS.
1. Spaten Brewery, Munich, (Gab. Sedlmayer, Prop.).	363,017
2. Anton Dreher, Vienna.	348,603
3. Löwen Brewery, Munich.	252,750
4. St. Marx, Vienna.	239,480
5. G. Pschorr, Munich.	235,960
6. Liesing Actien Brewery, Vienna.	170,764

Total, 1,670,564.

There are innumerable small establishments, but these six larger ones serve to give some idea of the magnitude

REGISTERED **"SANITAS"** TRADEMARK
The GREAT ENGLISH DISINFECTANT.

The First Requisite in all Dwellings.

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"SANITAS" Disinfecting Fluid, for sprinkling about rooms, disinfecting linen, and general house use.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Powder, a powerful and pleasant preparation for stables, kennels, ashbins, &c.

"SANITAS" Crude Disinfecting Fluid, a concentrated form of "Sanitas," to be diluted with water for flushing drains, &c.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Oil, for fumigating sick rooms, treatment of throat complaints, rheumatism and ringworm.

"Sanitas" Disinfecting Toilet and Laundry Soaps, &c., &c.

THE REGULAR USE OF

"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT, and Deodorant, is a sure preventive of all contagious and infectious diseases. It is invaluable in the sick room.

"A PEOPLE'S HEALTH IS A NATION'S WEALTH."

"SANITAS" IS NATURE'S DISINFECTANT.

To be had of all Druggists and of the

American & Continental "Sanitas" Co., Ltd.,
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OLD IDEAS WRONG

No one can take Dr. Tutt's Pills and remain unwell. They increase the powers of Digestion, and excite the absorbents to action. The old opinion that Calomel must be used "to carry off the Bile," has given away before science. The Vegetable Kingdom furnishes a remedy free from deleterious effects. Such are Tutt's Pills.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

R. S. Austin, Springfield, Mass., writes: "For thirty years have been troubled with Costiveness, Piles and Pain about the Kidneys. I became so weak that I could hardly walk. I took Tutt's Pills. Can now lay on either side; no piles; have good Appetite, and gaining strength every day."

Tutt's Liver Pills

Do not Nauseate or Interfere with Daily Work,
44 Murray St., N. Y.



DENTAL OFFICE OF

Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess
NO. 162 WEST 23D STREET, Bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y.

of the industry in those countries. In the manufacture of the quantity of beer shown in the product of these six breweries, over one hundred and forty millions of pounds of malt were used.

To those of our own community who are not tinged with prohibitory theories there will be some satisfaction in learning that St. Louis, Mo., has not only the largest brewery in this country, but the largest in the world.

The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, in the period covered by the official report from which the above is taken, manufactured and sold 13,120,000 gallons of beer, equaling

410,000 Barrels,

an excess of more than 10 per cent. above the production of the Spaten Brewery of Munich, the largest European brewery. Experts in the manufacture of beer are not slow to say that the quality, also, of the Anheuser-Busch beer excels that of its European rival in about the same ratio. This opinion is not only that of American judges, but in every European exposition in which the beer of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association has come into competition with that of all the above-named breweries, it has been awarded the first premium. In every European capital medals have been given to them showing that they surpassed all other exhibitors in the quality of the beer manufactured. These awards have not been merely occasional, but record a succession of triumphs.

Cholera Morbus Cramps Colic Diarrhoea Summer Complaints Dysentery

All Cured by a
teaspoonful of
Perry Davis' Pain Killer
in a little Milk or
Sugar and Water.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT. 344

WHAT IT LACKED.

HUSBAND.—My dear, there's only one thing this angel cake needs.

WIFE (who has offered him the result of her first attempt).—What's that, John?

HUSBAND.—Wings.—*Tid-Bits.*

A BRIGHT little Kingston lad, who is anxiously awaiting the arrival of his seventh birthday, which his mother says comes in the month of roses, made the following suggestion to future etymologists; and however much it may seem to violate the fundamental rules of etymology, if at all, the word really looks like a practical acquisition that may supply an existing need. Speaking of an approaching neighborhood gathering or social party at a private house, the little fellow said: "Ma, when do they have that big 'socialation' out at grandma's?"—*Kingston Freeman.*

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER is a poser. You can buy her photographs taken in one hundred and forty different attitudes. None of them, however, include the attitude necessary in sewing on her husband's trousers-buttons or doing up his other shirt.—*Springfield Union.*

THERE has been left at the *Blizzard* office an umbrella, which the owner can recover by calling. It is a very poor one and needs recovering.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

"Yes; I gave each of my sons five thousand dollars and sent them West to make their fortunes. John invested his money in a cattle ranch, and went to work in earnest. It grieves me to say that Henry, disregarding my admonitions about honesty and industry, started a faro bank."

"And it all turned out in the usual way, I suppose."

"Yes, Henry owns John's cattle ranch now, and has lent him money to come home with."—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

Neil McCallum, of 19 Spruce Street, N. Y., was arrested on a warrant issued by Judge Smith, under Section 364 of the Penal Code, for selling bitters with label on in imitation of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert's Angostura Bitters. He gave bail in \$500 for examination.

"THE MIDSUMMER PUCK,"

Out on or about July 15th, 1887.

Forty-two pages, Puck size, - 50 cents per Copy.

"THE MIDSUMMER PUCK" is as much superior to its predecessor, "THE CHRISTMAS PUCK" (which achieved such a phenomenal success), as that was to all previous publications in the same line.

"THE MIDSUMMER PUCK" presents some new and fascinating features in color printing. The list of Illustrations includes cartoons (in ten or more colors) by Joseph Keppler, Frederick Oppen, C. Jay Taylor and others; also amusing series by A. B. Frost and C. G. Bush. The literary matter, we can confidently assert, is of a finer quality than has ever been presented to the public in a distinctly humorous publication.

"THE MIDSUMMER PUCK" contains a story by Thomas A. Janvier ("Ivory Black"), the author of the charming and popular "Color Sketches," and one by the Editor of Puck, H. C. Runner, author of "Airs from Arcady," "The Midge," etc.

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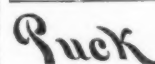
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